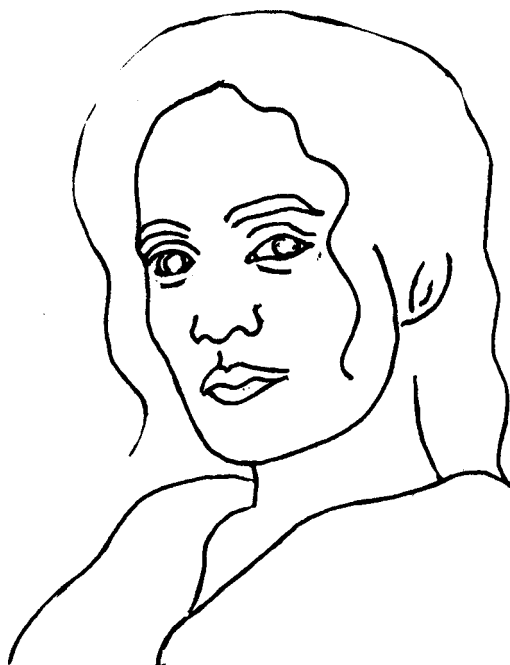


WORDS AND FORMS

*William Linville*  
WILLIAM LINVILLE

Spring, 1998



WORDS AND FORMS, Poetry and Drawings  
By William Linville  
Spring, 1998

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The best is crafted,  
not massed,  
Assembled elements  
won't last,  
Nor love's apocrypha  
in synonym miscast

No Virtue Survived  
The 60's

White headed and craving  
he imagined a beauty  
honorable as grannies,  
tight in promise to him,  
and he lied his lies to  
himself, looking  
dignity, dust and  
cinders at suspect  
lovers.

It so hurt he wanted to die,  
but forms went on  
while he gulped his emptiness,  
innerty immersed  
in black poppie's blood,  
time's black wing  
stingers biting his eyes.



WME  
2.15.98

Illustrious





Pecavimus

You cannot sin  
by accident,  
it requires intent,  
the choice  
of evil over good  
must be understood,  
on evil bent  
no soul rests content,  
evil sings no joy,  
but mumbles perverse intent.

Dediticii

When did our nation  
cease being a relationship  
of humans  
and begin to be  
an artifice of system?

Did we lose  
some overlooked war?



Insightful



## Teacher's Pay

Teacher,  
do not attempt  
to cut from my flesh  
the painful pound  
of what  
I already doubt.  
I can splash  
my guilt  
oblique  
to tweak  
their suspicion  
and you will pay.

## Palteration

Who started this  
preposterous lie  
that we live at  
the forefront  
of human progress?

Where are our advances,  
technology, physics,  
medicine?

Our famines, plagues,  
and floods  
are bigger than ever.

Our industries  
sabotage  
their own products  
in order to sell more.

War has moved from  
a contest between  
two metallic jocks  
to general carnage  
and genocide.  
We specialize in  
pulverizing precious  
monuments one grain  
removed from the void.

Consider simple trade,  
village life,  
my uncle the doctor,  
my nephew the constable,  
that's enough.

## Personal Iconography

Considering his life  
he had no sense  
of ever  
having been loved.  
He had been ignored,  
restricted,  
and blamed.  
He suspected  
that his mother  
had nearly **convinced**  
his father  
to kill him  
and bury him  
in the back yard  
where he had dug  
an unusual hole.  
In young manhood he tried  
to rouse himself by  
intellect  
out of that darkness.  
The predators came  
in droves.  
Love, unknown to him  
as joy or pleasure,  
he mistook.  
Some were ugly,  
working by fear,  
most promised love.  
He took dominance  
for concern,  
committing himself  
to grim manipulation,  
a misery of subservience,  
convinced that he had failed  
at everything.

## Under Sirius

August  
is the month  
of ending.  
In other times  
when September  
was still  
the Moon's Gate  
of deep beginning,  
Still in the pool of time  
before the Sun raced  
down the slope before  
turning,  
August saw the ends,  
tied off, cauterized  
for healing,  
and smoke beginning  
to gather  
among the tired limbs,  
rusted pinnacles,  
helices of the. possible,  
wasted solid  
cruel August  
spared again as then...





Intelligent



## Metonymia

Once upon a time  
the wise said:  
Don't lie to me,  
there is  
a spirit  
inside the watch  
which ticks it,  
gestures  
with stiff  
fingers  
crawls up  
the slanted  
beach,  
chronicles  
the forth dynasty,  
and went away  
beyond  
that moon.

And that is why  
no one  
knows what time  
it is  
anymore.

## Deconvolution

How could one know  
how long  
the dictatorship  
of the proletariat  
would last  
in fiery frozen russe?

It went on  
until  
it couldn't  
maintain,  
then drizzled away  
in petty rebellions,  
bickering memories,  
and czarist craziness.

But a distillate  
dialectic  
had trickled down.

Even small children  
saw the poligonal  
truths.

What comes now,  
on soft dancer's feet,  
is neither romanovian,  
nor j.p.morganatic.

There never could  
have been a winner.

## Triumphant Mercantilism

Placebo advertising,  
empty packages,  
the call for  
volunteers,  
self sacrifice  
in pursuit  
of apocryphal  
advantage...

Look here,  
I have the power,  
think of a gun,  
you have none,  
I will take  
your children.

Someone always  
runs things,  
I'm sure  
you understand.

## Largo e Sostenuto

You colorful spring poets,  
You do persist,  
wars, depressions,  
political deals, empire,  
trust,  
and loss of both,  
you keep at it.  
Here's your cynicism  
and your broken heart,  
upper class, firm chinned  
muddling, you whimper change,  
young girls are so young,  
church spires and  
commutation,  
oh, you are so weary.  
I think God betrayed  
your compact.  
Grandfather contrived  
at hiding his misperception  
and you conserve  
on all your slick  
perfumed pages.

But I'm sure  
He is no subscriber.

## Midgarth

The bee  
in its  
sunny flight  
the moth  
moaning  
in  
ghastly night

Materialize  
life's  
plight

light  
and contrast  
night  
black  
and white

but  
the plague  
you blind  
knows nothing  
of cause  
or kind

The mind  
must find  
its foliation  
if we shall save  
our human  
nation

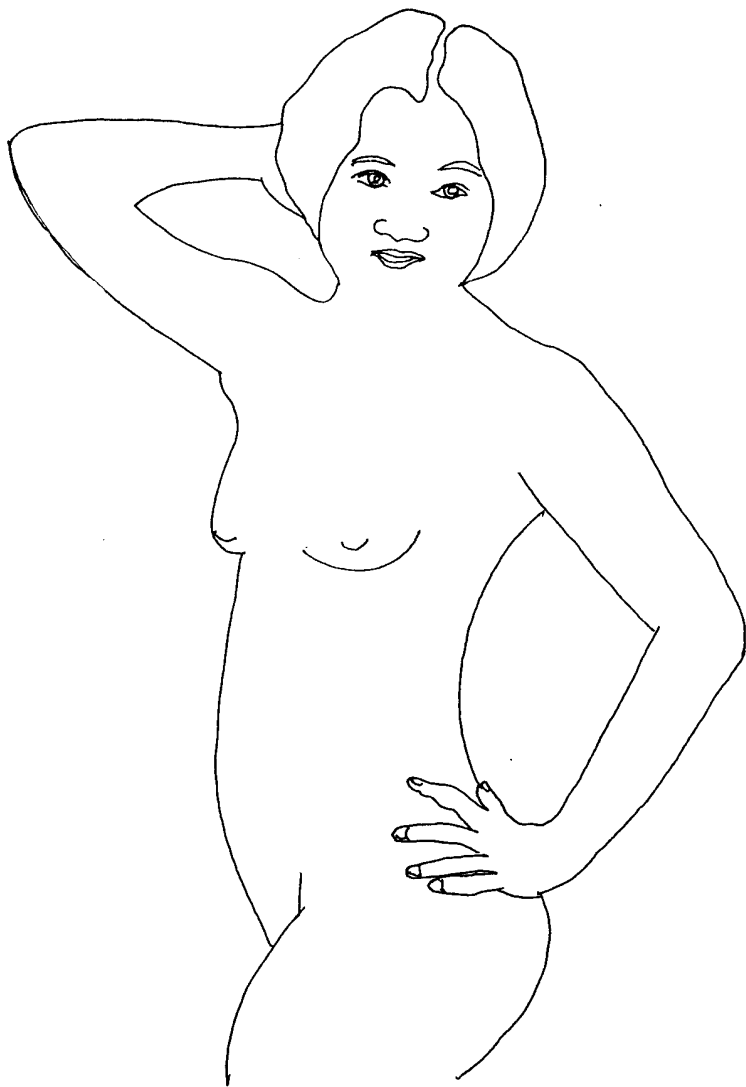
## Colorature

Do you see  
how red  
has gone  
like dawn  
from the light  
as blue  
reaches out  
from night?

How does  
such change  
arrange  
to derange  
the spectrum  
of reality?

Philosophers  
question cause  
postulating laws  
for nature  
has no flaws  
because...





  
Dec. 1998

Intimate



## Moon Walking

Precious things  
are given  
without thought  
of repayment,  
the perfumed wind  
free from the mountains,  
the salt wind,  
singing.

The moon has scattered  
its gifts  
on the sea.

In spirit,  
the folding  
and touching  
of palms.

Shy in broken clouds  
the moon pretends  
not to notice.

Nothing is lacking.

## Mirari

Love has been turned  
back to front.

Destruct shown  
for construct,  
bedding  
now builds walls,  
ceilings beneath  
our feet,  
going in at windows  
we emerge  
with smoke.

Dissecting relationship  
we assemble hate.

In virtue's canon  
we have greed, lust,  
and sickness  
of the spirit.

Does deflection  
cure reflection?

Or the hammer?

## Gross Receipts

Nothing comes from nothing.  
The raped must realize  
what is taken  
from them.  
Consuming their ignorance  
is genteel genocide.

In the quiet classroom  
the teacher said:  
Buy low, sell high,  
do what the traffic  
will allow.

A childish hand asked:  
If I can sell my dollar pen  
to someone  
for a hundred dollars  
is it right?

Around the room  
the simple  
looked satisfied

One or two  
looked troubled.

Suddenly,  
I could not see  
the teacher.

Success in poetry  
is in function,  
not in form,  
and it seems the same  
with life.



Iridaceous

*James*  
Feb. 11/88





## Trove

In the forest  
there in Germany  
where the legion  
secure in its  
impregnable identity,  
Roman Germans meeting  
German Germans,  
went into darkness  
and the forest litter,  
We set up excavations  
hoping for a helmet,  
a javelin, armor,  
or coins.

The second day  
we found a helmet,  
and under its  
characteristic dome,  
the skull  
of an Afroamerican who  
died in 1944.  
Dead in 1500 years  
of unchanged folly.

## Condimentum Est

Any substance.  
not normally  
a part of  
the organism  
is potentially  
deadly  
to the organism.

The only consideration  
being quantity...

And the speed  
at which  
death approaches.

## Formulation

Some spoke  
of context  
and effect,  
the correct  
pressed  
intellect  
into structure  
to define.

In common mind,  
blind to decline,  
they named  
by scientific lexus.

Few found  
function's  
defining unction,  
aside from class  
or mind's mythic mass.

But, no mind,  
let's look it up,  
mostly seems enough.

## Similarity

Like lightning,  
flowing water,  
starlight.  
The better part  
of self,  
expected certainty,  
trust.

Nature hides  
defence

and perfection  
flowers  
over thorn  
in the sleep still  
morning.

The leopard  
loves the fawn,  
fawn acquiesces  
in last perception,  
hope  
dims away life.

A flash,  
count slow to thunder,  
silence following.



Pertinacious

H.K.  
Dec 1998



Pain Pleasure  
I called them  
Keepers  
who prod  
the placid.

Most only suspect  
them by their mistakes.

Try keeping score,  
they say:  
Be objective,  
consider both sides,  
remember our standard  
of consuming.

If you see  
any side effects:  
ignore them.

## Endless War

Entire human types  
have disappeared.

Greed and the end  
of personal responsibility.

Money and things  
end the renaissance.

The confused  
and the trusting  
mill about in  
blinded paradox.

In the end  
they fertilize  
contested fields.

The last dim sparks  
inundated  
by a sea of chemicals.

The winners  
walk their  
humanoid pets  
along that shore  
at millennium's morning.



## Eye Teeth

I still believe  
in the death penalty  
but I won't like it  
when they execute  
Karla Faye.  
An irritant.  
Statement  
and response  
unresolved.  
The sun,  
revolving  
about our  
loved earth,  
Centrafugality  
of self awareness.  
Among countless suns,  
postulated planets,  
relative to conditions,  
can truth exist?  
No,  
paradox  
is Granny's comforter  
tucking us in,  
sleeping soundly  
on the day she died,  
We wake up muttering:  
Kill them all  
and let God  
sort them out.

Although they see  
great birds  
all about them,  
no one believes  
in feathers.

Waldeinsamkeit

Love grows  
as the lover  
or it dies  
as time tries  
the tensile  
trifler.

More than  
adolescence'  
sweet tooth  
must blend  
midlife's  
excipients.

Inert love  
is exogamy  
experience  
requires  
taxonomy,

Phylum,  
class,  
order,  
love laid  
with order  
within  
its timeless  
border.

True love flies  
at the least disorder.



Intimidate

TJM  
Feb 10/08



Atonality  
Systemically  
they seem to  
have been taught  
a canon  
of personal  
superiority...  
Thus,  
they could not bear  
the undeniable  
lack of meaning  
to all  
their consuming.

How very rare.

I'm sure  
I understand.

Cheers

On my grandfather's  
Barlow knife  
was engraved:  
"Americans ask for nought  
but what is right".

In Hellas  
I bought a sash knife  
which in homeric terms  
proclaimed on its edge:  
"I thirst for Turkish  
blood".

I practiced in daily  
effort  
to earn the katana  
called:  
"Wind...in different grasses".

But on their cutting edge  
our great ones have written  
"What's in it for me"?

(What is that offstage sound)?

## Nomos

Cause beyond causes  
caused in recurrence  
cyclic  
in mind  
of cycles  
existing  
as endless is  
rummaged  
in your  
limits  
nothing  
to find.

## Parcenary Piece

I will be father,  
and father's father,  
spreading  
my divine cliches  
towards generations,  
O have what you have,  
not drawing lines  
in time's sandy flow.

Learn one another's  
scriptures,  
seek  
cryptic signatures,  
names behind names.

Nets part  
terminal,  
and lightning  
will end  
turmoil.

Am as together,  
Be as blending,  
Is as eternal.

Abide  
no restrictions



Command

When Yeshua was thirteen  
he gave his first  
public summary  
about human life.

The Doctors  
of religion  
were upset.

Becoming a man,  
according to tradition,  
he spoke out like an  
antiestablishmentarian  
philosopher.

They held on,  
pulling rank,  
trying to  
argue him straight.

His parents were  
fearful  
and confused.

Oh, what a shameful thing  
that a Son of David  
should speak such error,  
like a ragged Essene.

What a shame  
that only Yeshua  
should remember.

## Sabotage?

At the Sunkist Plant,  
in Pomona,  
when I was a child,  
I saw tons of oranges  
cascading  
into a waste pit,  
color and perfume  
buried in earth.

Lets pick up a few,  
to the driver,  
No, he said,  
the company poisons them.

We sat a long while  
watching the paradox  
I could not understand  
as a child, nor as  
a man.

JAMI  
2.15-78



Irrelevant



## Apocalypso

The problem  
is not  
that bad poets  
produce  
maggoty poetry,  
it is rather  
that centered editors,  
mistaking preference,  
subliminal  
for sublime,  
dispose  
the advertiser's  
chose for rose,  
fame, and familiar,  
and pose,  
impose before again,  
and tin pan  
our alleys.

There's no business  
like dough business  
the only business  
they know.

## Archeometry

On a time horizon  
it was said  
sense and object  
are one.

Now recall that  
what can occur  
will,  
and simultaneously,  
can't,  
because it won't,  
as a precept  
of classic reality,  
paradox won't,  
can't,  
and will,  
as you realize  
it might.

Beyond  
most of that,  
in reflection,  
stop trying  
to fix dimensions  
as things measured.

It's just,  
as you expect.

## Attribution

Confined  
to iron hard  
names,  
all difference  
is denied.

Why equivalence  
when correctness  
has made  
perfection?

Change becomes  
impossible,  
unnecessary,  
evil.

So relevance  
limps by  
in rags  
and bloody bandages  
and reality  
thumps us  
on bowed backs.

## Pastoralis

The shepherds  
are a kind of  
sheep,  
but with  
a single trick:  
seeming's  
as good as  
being,  
effect  
more valued  
than cause.

naming it  
binds it  
to the flock.

Promise  
has no  
keeping  
in it.

Bundled  
in their  
sheep's skin

they awake,  
if at all,  
at the knocking.





WML  
2-16-98

Delightful



Bite your greedy tongue  
and submit your ears  
to this,  
that all  
which contributes  
to human life,  
extention,  
improvement,  
must be removed  
from the profit motive.  
Later you will understand,  
trust me, invent a human category,  
take deep breaths and apply a cloth,  
but just do it (as someone said)  
before it is too late.

## MBA: A Gastric Disorder.

Cheer for the supernatural  
skills of managers,  
they have destroyed  
the quality of life,  
the making of things  
which worked and lasted.

The managers lost wars for us,  
ruined the airlines,  
the phone company,  
free television,  
safe food,  
good medical care,  
education  
that educated,  
they've taken away  
representative government,  
and hidden the intended  
purpose of any government.

Hurrah  
for those greedy,  
stupid,  
inflexible  
parasites.

All they know  
is what they heard  
at business school  
and that's not the  
real world.

W  
3.13.98



Industrious



Exponible

They use our nation  
as an adjunct  
to production.

We are raw material.

We clutch identity  
looking for reassurance.

They confuse function,  
misuse predation,  
forget humanity.

## Further Perversity

The ownerless  
run loose  
in our city,  
stealing our  
garbage,  
denning up  
in abandoned houses,  
forming feral packs,  
they are always there  
in our shadows.

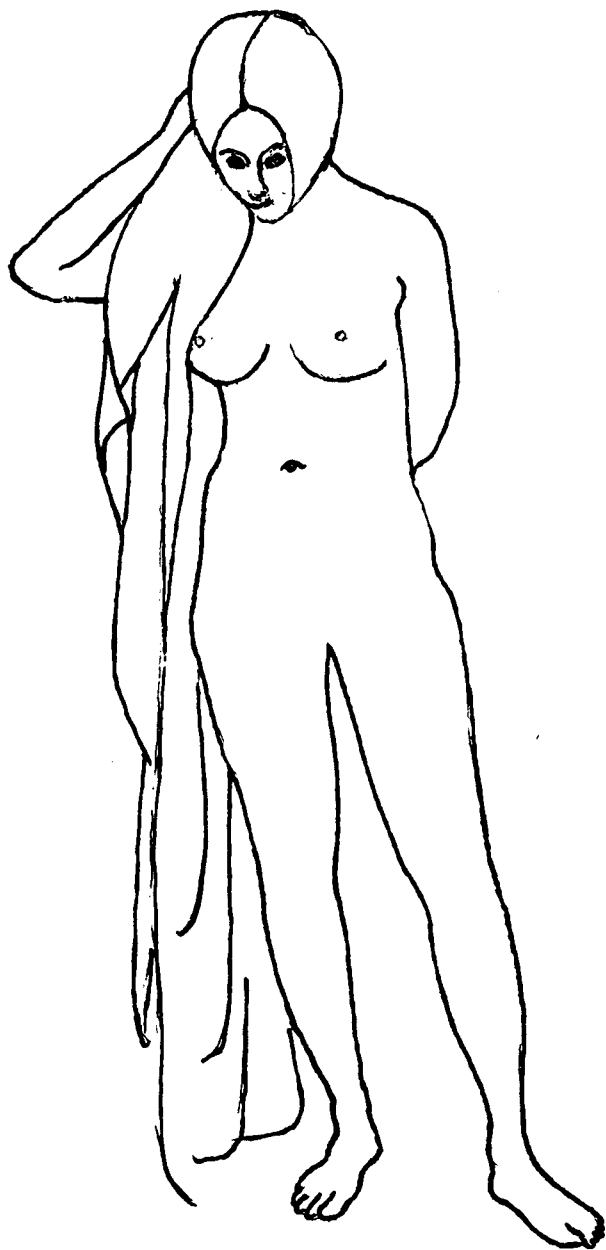
We are afraid  
to go shopping.

Why aren't they  
rounded up?

And when  
no one  
claims them.

Sentence them  
for making change,  
and put them down.





WY  
9.1.98



